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NATURAL SHELTERS--HABITABLE LANDSCAPES

by

JOSEPH VITONE

NATURAL SHELTERS--HABITABLE LANDSCAPES

May, 1983

-Joseph Vitone

Thesis Report for Master of Fine Arts Degree in Photography

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

Thesis Proposal	iv
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Acknowledgements	vii
------------------	-----

SECTIONS

I	2
II	10
III	15
IV	16
V	21
VI	23

APPENDICES

ONE: Black and White Technique	25
TWO: Color Technique	29
THREE: Catalogue of Exhibition	31
FOUR: Permission to Copy	40

BIBLIOGRAPHY	41
--------------	----

THESIS PROPOSAL

Purpose

The purpose of this thesis will be to try to share with you an energy and character that I find in trees, in the earth, in the qualities of light, in the intimacy of houses and yards. There is a simple yet deep-running link between our created spaces (our homes) and the spirit and body of the woods. I feel a strong kinship between myself and the land that produced me--a super-blood tie, a joining from long ago--that transcends anthropocentric thought and concern. I want to know that link, to be at ease with the earth and to extend this rapport as a way of understanding my sentiments about home and emotionally secure territories.

Background

I can't say that I have been affected by any particular artist to such an extent as to make it noteworthy.

Probably my most profound influence is from my childhood. I always seemed to be on the outside of most social activities, usually finding them either threatening, boring, or pretentious. So I spent a lot of time alone. I used to walk a lot. I'd pass by houses in my neighborhood and just look. I liked the way the buildings all sat nestled into yards, wrapped by trees and hedges, drawing back

into the shadows. There were often interesting spaces between the houses--little places where nobody else ever went except to pass through--that I could think about going to. When you're young you can often make a secure, calm area--create a habitable space--just by willing it to happen.

I spent a lot of time in the woods too. It was an inviting space where my head could clear out. Things were a lot simpler there than at my house, where what I saw and felt was not what I considered to be right. When you have no standards, no normative base from which to grow, you find or manufacture your own.

The forest's trees and twisting patches of prickly briar, the areas under front porches where it's always sort of cool and musty, the cloistered shadows beneath neighborhood hedges where soft mats form from leaves that never get raked --these became my base, my sense of a proper, peaceful order.

Procedure

I intend to use both color and black and white. I envision the black and white work ranging in size from 20x24 through 8x10 print sizes. The color will probably be 16x20 and 20x24. I will draw from my committee as to how to edit and sequence the work. This part of the process I consider a major one and probably the most valid place for advisement.

I plan to work on the written report over the up-

coming months, hopefully completing it by June of 1983. I plan to make "pilot" prints up until June. These will give feedback as to the proper size and sequencing of the pictures. I plan to print the main body of work from June through August and to hold my show in September of 1983.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

I would like to express thanks to my thesis committee--Charles Werberig, John Head, and Catherine Lord--for their time and consideration given to me during this project.

NATURAL SHELTERS--HABITABLE LANDSCAPES

I

I began work for my thesis with the black and white portion. The beech trees depicted by prints stationed at the gallery entrance during my show were two of the first pictures I made. In real life the trees looked like huge elephants or grey dinosaurs that had broken from the ground. Standing with them was an awesome experience. Their presence was so strong, the aesthetic pleasure they provoked so marked, that I had little trouble in deciding how to photograph them.

After I had made prints, it seemed the trees were alive again, their tough pachyderm hides transformed from cellulose to silver. The way they had retained their sprawly, monumental energy fascinated me. I understand why someone would be enthralled by the actual presence of these great plants. But how was it that a frozen moment of their forms could steal away with so much of their power?

The energy in the photographs was not mine. I did not feel that I was the owner of the images, that I, myself, had created anything. Somehow--not by accident, but I am not sure how--it was as if an energy flying about had been snagged and pulled to earth by my net. And though I had a purpose in mind when I made these photographs (a purpose of

vision more than of reason), I would not presume to instruct anyone as to the most appropriate way he or she should understand them.

This lack of a proprietary sense about the images I make leads me to question how thoroughly I, myself, know the works I have produced.

The dominant experience I actualize from both my pictures and the trees and houses they record is a sort of rhapsodic awareness that I recognize as aesthetic pleasure. Since aesthetic pleasure links these two very disparate things (the reality of trees and houses with photographs) for me, I find it necessary to try to understand this pleasure as a possible route to seeing the role of my own intention in making the photographs and the significance in interpretation of them by me and others.

I might characterize the aesthetic experience as a multi-faceted awareness but run into problems with the word "awareness". Awareness implies knowing. But in this sense of heightened awareness, there lies a marked absence of knowledge of the thing one seems to be aware of. Awareness and knowledge are not, in this case, synonymous. To substitute "sensation" for "awareness" does not do justice to the aesthetic experience either. For the experience seems to occur on a plateau above simple, non-thinking feeling.

I can explain many things about a work of art on a reasoned, verbal level; but there is always a point where I

must stop. This point falls short of the crux of the experience. The inability of verbal explanation to define the scope of artistically provoked awareness suggests that aesthetic experience is not containable by logic. The experience seems based, rather, in some unknowable universal order whose outline I faintly perceive constructed above the haze of my thoughts. I do not consider this exclusively an order of formal shape, though certain formal relations, certain color combinations, and certain sounds make reference to it. The order as I now consider it is the order, the energy, sought by theology. I know that I do not know this order; yet, because of its effect on me, perceived in the guise of aesthetic experience, I feel aware of its existence. It is through this unexplainable element that a thing gives aesthetic gratification--not only through the all-encompassing order, itself, but, perhaps even more so, because of my inability to rationally penetrate to it.

Mystery lends power. The fact that something seems to be unknowable will make that thing (if it is of any initial consequence) seem to increase in importance. If we were to understand the aesthetic experience completely, if we could finally get to the bottom of that mysterious sensation, I cannot imagine we would still enjoy it in the same way. What used to be aesthetic gratification would be just another rational, quantitatively analyzable phenomenon.

In taking this line of argument, I feel required to

acknowledge that everything has the potential to engender the aesthetic experience; since all things are molded by this universal presence of order. Also, the inability to penetrate that I have connected with aesthetic gratification denotes a lack of something in us, the viewers, and not a special presence in select, artistically potent things. But, obviously, all things do not generate aesthetic experience. Why do we not exist in a constant state of aesthetic ecstasy? Because we do not constantly realize the absence of our understanding. In order to be artistically effective, the object of consideration must create an awareness of our lack of understanding of this transcendent order. It must engender a need by making us aware of this poignant limitation to our humanness.

In supporting the claim that an omnipresent theistic order is an essential part of the artistic experience, it is significant that aesthetic gratification comes not only from works of art but from natural phenomena as well. I substantiate this claim through the similarity I notice in comparing my reactions to certain things in nature with reactions to artworks.

I began this writing with the mention of trees. Feeling a strong kinship with trees, I photograph them often. Because of their common occurrence and their conformance to the wants and understanding of my personal vision, I often find aesthetic pleasure through them. They hint at a mandate

which has pushed and pulled their shoots above and through the earth. Branches curve, twist, and reach with an almost conscious rhythm. Trunks, with growth, may form themselves tightly like sucking mouths about tangent limbs. The roots of birches often start high on the trunk and reach down like a bird's bony claws, gripping the ground. Like tightly curled hair, grapevines spiral up and through the trees they claim. The beauty and consistency here suggests a common unifier. This suggestion leads me to realize I do not understand something of major consequence. A person needs darkness to know light, cold to know hot, boredom to know excitement. In its total permeation of all knowable worldly fabric, this unifying order leaves nothing untouched that I might contrast it to. Lacking understanding of the order, itself, yet feeling its effects, I know a different sort of contrast. It is the simultaneous extremes presented by my keen awareness of the beauty and consistency about me and my equally marked inability to further know that order beyond what I immediately sense. This feeling is the same one I realize when considering a work of art. Through some avenue, the artwork leads me to the same fulfilling yet frustrating end.

[For me, the common end--that gratification paradoxically composed as much of frustration as fulfillment--is what all aesthetic experience is, in its essential form, made of. Artistic intention, artist's biographical and historical period information, and critical theories attached to a work

adjust our attitudes to and understandings of the art to a point where, hopefully, we might have an aesthetic experience --where we might realize our ignorance of an ultimate order while simultaneously feeling that order.

When a person, group, or culture puts an object or event in the "work of art" category, they direct the interest and anticipation of future viewers toward seeking an aesthetic experience through that thing. This empowering of the work, in effect, puts up road signs giving rough directions for viewer consideration of the object or occurrence. The term "artwork" denotes a specific function for the thing it is appended to.

When the viewer considers the piece, the person may or may not have an aesthetic experience. The nature and quality of viewer reaction depends on how appropriately the work of art suits his or her particular background and tastes. The initial direction given for the person's travel to aesthetic gratification (i.e., the calling of the thing a work of art) can be refined by additional information. The viewer can be told of theories that support a particular artwork. Perhaps the person will understand and agree with these. He or she may disregard them and divine his or her own (equally valid) path to satisfaction through that same artwork. An individual's interpretation is valid for the specific function of leading a specific viewer at a specific time to an aesthetic experience. There is no need for all interpre-

tations to align with each other, for there to be, indeed, a "correct" interpretation. The only need is that these interpretations be useable in doing the work of leading someone to aesthetic experience. The individual interpretation is, then, certainly of vital importance to arrival at aesthetic pleasure; though the crux of the experience draws its energy from the universal ordering principal. Because of our varied personalities and experiences, there are a great many routes one might take to aesthetic pleasure. Some works of art require attitudes and experiences foreign to some people. Different cultures and different members of the same culture require different ways of gaining access to the central core of aesthetic experience. Someone of a society unexposed to the appearance, reasoning, traditions, and iconography of a particular work or class of works will possibly not be able to pass to aesthetic gratification through the doorway framed by those criteria. But the various formal, theoretical, and cultural portals, strung like a ring about a central atrium, all open to the same place.

The awareness of a universal order which touched the artist as he or she made the piece has molded the form of the work. That form has been enfranchised with a potency by its association with that highest organization. The artist has used "raw materials" (that already held this omnipresent force in a form not readily visible to most) and distilled them to a concise yet simultaneously nebulous reference to

the inexplicable, transcendent order. In a very real sense, the artist has created a thing that is beyond his or her intellectual capacity to explain.

The all-pervasive, essential order that the artwork contacts is common property. Neither the artist nor anyone else can rightly mandate a single interpretation of the work nor call one interpretation categorically better than another. The single most important function of a work of art is to provide aesthetic pleasure. Intents and interpretations are merely personally amenable ideas, secondary to the crux of the aesthetic experience--not secondary to the travel involved reaching the experience, but secondary to the actual experience, itself.

II

I felt it necessary to begin my written report with this brief consideration of intent and interpretation of an artwork for several reasons. I had reservations about writing a portion of what to me should be a visually self-supporting thesis. I believe that someone can unnecessarily color a viewer's appreciation of a visual piece by telling the person what to think about it. So, in a sense, my initial consideration of the worth of varying interpretations is a sort of release to the viewer. I want to make it clear that I don't think my understanding of my pictures is the only valid one.

I also wanted to tell the prime motivation for my photographing. I want to come closer to an enlightened consciousness, to approach as nearly as possible the "all-pervasive, essential order" that I refer to as the base of all my aesthetic experience. Since, of all things I've tried, making photographs seems to bring me closest to an appreciation of such an organization, it (photography) is the thing in my life that I find most genuine, most fulfilling. It is a thing I feel a need to do to give overall sustenance to my intellect as much as I know a need to breathe to continue the existence of my body.

My thesis proposal expressed my attitude towards my pictures and my immediate rationale for having made them. This quest for an understanding of secure territory served as a stimulus for me to work. At another time in my life, I might have found this motivation with other subject matter. I feel many things can provide necessary motivation. As it was, I chose to deal with this nature of space. In photographing, I begin with some intellectualized reason. I set some verbally expressible problem for myself to solve and then begin with that reason in mind. What happens after that during the actual work cannot be limited by such linear thought patterns as were necessary to construct the original problem. Some things possess an order unexpressible by the dialectics of language.

As stated earlier, I began "Natural Shelters--Habitable Landscapes" with the black and white portion. I had often in the past made black and white landscapes with a view camera. But I stopped for several years, mostly out of fear of being unoriginal. The stigma of being compared with earlier schools of "Zone Systemized" photographers was constantly tugging me away from what I had been involved in to more "original" paths. I stopped working in black and white. My work was made exclusively in color.

In my formal education, I had been trained by more painters than photographers; so it was easy for me to make tightly structured visual patterns in color. This can be

entertaining for awhile, but is limited by its very nature. When you can construct coherent visual units and do only that, you become no more than a non-feeling technician. Working in this way, I had not been able to consistently unify my life-experience and emotional realities with the graphics that I was creating.

When I came to Rochester to attend school, I encountered a heavy dose of Visual Studies Workshop photography. This tended to be quite intellectual and often proceeding in serial, near-linear flow. It was much more rationalized a visual art than what I had normally encountered in the past. Since I, myself, had always tended to work with serial images, I gave much consideration to this way of working. I knew I had a passion for thinking and reasoning. Up to this point, I had been often unable to reconcile this tendency to reason with a strong want to make photographs. Maybe this was an avenue for me to take. I had a problem with this sort of photography, though. Although it possessed many characteristics that I could use in my own working method, I found that dependence on such linear flow to be terribly limiting and intellectualized to such an extent as to give it a feeling of cold impersonality. I wanted emotional commitment to be strongly visible in what I did.

Manipulation of the image is another thing common in contemporary photography. I had tried this in the past. It was out of a sense of curiosity and obligation to explore

that I did it. Yet I rarely could bring myself to feel at ease with making something that was non-representational or manipulated in some obvious way. I usually did it out of this sense of obligation than out of a real felt need.

What I was doing in my photography was boring me. I was searching for something inside but looking to others to tell me how to find it. A drawing teacher once told me to start with what you can do best and then work from there. A painting teacher once told me that you were your own best friend and your own worst enemy. Both of these statements, though lacking in originality, began surfacing more frequently from my memory. They seemed to apply to what was my current disorientation. To find a truly personal statement, I had to look inward.

I tried to understand what was the essence of me, what was the most honest, least protected by social facade or role that I was or had been. I found myself as a child. I found something, that, for the sake of my own physical and mental survival, I'd had to abandon a long time ago. The physical violence that had buzzed about me from the time I was born, the negative energy that bristled about streets and playgrounds and later from bars and dark rooms had transformed me from a person to a man. I had tracked down and trapped and covered with cold earth the part of my humanity that was vital to the making of a cogent, sincere art. As ruthlessly as I had buried this person, I needed now to find

him.

As a child, how had I felt closest to myself? When had I most nearly approached a sense of an order to myself and, therefore, by extension, to the world about me? In the woods and with lonely neighborhood walks, I had found a touchstone with a sane reality. I had to photograph while in the emotional presence of these memories. I would proceed from there to find the benevolent friend that I'd earlier submerged.

III

My pick hit hard ground. But the earth moved. I continued to excavate until a hard swing thumped hollow and vibrated painfully through my arms and back. I scraped more carefully at a box that began breaking away in splinters. The wood was rotten. Pieces of dirt fell through slits in the boards that made the box; and a coughing, sputtering came from the blackness inside. I was alarmed. I clawed at the lid as pieces of earth and jagged, moist wood packed tightly under my fingernails. From inside, two intense eyes blinked back light and a bubbling laugh broke, incongruent with my panicked state. The main part of the lid broke free in my hands, and a little boy jumped up clutching a stuffed doll. He immediately sprang for the edge of the hole that had been his grave. Scrambling feet poked painfully into my back and shoulders as he climbed from the heavy smell of wet earth to the sweetness of growing grass. At the top of the darkness, he bent forwards, peering back at me below and again broke out in an excited laugh. He turned and ran swiftly. I followed him into the trees.

IV

I squinted under my dark-cloth as I tried to focus on a black area beneath several trees. I had left my fears of being compared with past photographers behind. Now I had a deeply felt reason to photograph in the woods. Prints I had made before bore visual witness to the technique of those to whom I had feared I would be compared. Now I required that the visual impact of the photograph be in concert with the emotional and intellectual intent I held for the work. I had to question accepted technique and have good reason for all that I did. No obvious manipulation of the photograph was necessary or desirable. I wanted to show the world as clearly as possible. The only presence I wanted was the energy of what I saw. In working this way, I hoped to make reference to the universal ordering power I felt directing my own perceptions.

I wanted to see the trees in grey silver, solid on the paper of the print. I felt this to be appropriate to my emotional experience of the places where I photographed. Why something is or isn't visually compatible with a certain mood or idea is very elusive. I can't completely explain why my particular handling of the tree pictures was necessary. I can only write that to me it was the way they wanted to be

made. There seems to be a sort of eternal, monochromatic uniformity to the envelope of the woods. It wraps about you like a still hush. It suspends time. It seems grey. The neighborhoods I photographed in were full of color. The richness and depth of the apparently flat planes of houses demanded a record of temperature. Hot spots made way for cool wells of shadow. The color of paint in sun reflected from walls biased the blue of adjacent shadows.

In the woods I often had much space. I wanted to show penetrable depth in both the woods and in the neighborhoods. With inherent space, as in the woods, I could layer distance to achieve this sense of penetration. In the houses, I often had little real space. It was more of the intellectual space of a secure territory. Here I could use changes in color temperature to effect this sensation. These two different subjects and treatments called for unification in the final exhibition.

I considered showing the work in individual sections --one color and one black and white. But this would have broken up unnecessarily the mood that to me seemed consistent through both sets of pictures. The black and white were organized into fairly rigid groupings that displayed various aspects of penetrable space and of territories set up by trees. The color pictures were not organized in series but, in the final installation, would connect with themselves and with the more rigid black and white sequences.

Throughout my working with these pictures, I had used 4x5 contact prints. It was with these that I determined the black and white groupings and attempted to come up with a way to incorporate the color with them. A major constraint in doing this was my being limited in what I could do until I was actually in the space where the pictures were to be installed. I could intellectualize about it; but in the final form, my solution had to be primarily a visual one and not simply a thing thought out in advance. In the end, I arrived at the final sequencing of black and white with color while I was hanging the show. I wasn't dogmatic in maintenance of the integrity of the black and white sequences. Some of them were spaced out and broken up by the color prints to contribute to the overall formal/emotional unity of the exhibition.

Why serial imagery? It seems to engage the viewing space much more than do single pictures. It seems to inform more, to open another route to express and search for ideas. I might ask instead, "Why single pictures?" Serial pictures seem somehow more photographic than single pictures. Single photograph usage seems based in painting traditions. It is tantamount to denial of a major aspect of the nature of photography when one operates in single images only. The speed and ease that one can make a picture with calls for recognition. Functioning singly, photographs tell much; but engaged with one another in dialogues of push/pull, support/challenge, question/answer, they can speak much more. So why not take

hold of this intrinsic property of photographic production and use it? Why allow contemporary pictures still unquestioningly to comply with what is a hand-rendering picture-maker's limitations?

My concern with spatial layering and penetration make this mode of working that extends the spirit of a picture across several feet while showing various manifestations of that spirit very appropriate. I don't want to limit myself to engaging the frame, I want to engage the space that the individual frames hang in.

This desire to produce a space for viewing the work that would be in agreement with the feel and intent of the work, itself, led me not only to use serial imagery but also to consider carefully how the gallery walls would be arranged and lit for the exhibition. I wanted to make a comfortable space with areas of light and dark similar to the areas created by the sun and houses or trees with their cool shades. I kept an overall low-key feel to the lighting using only nineteen lights to illuminate the seventy prints of the show. These were positioned in a way that made certain areas of the gallery fairly bright when compared with other more "shaded" parts. If you didn't want to stand in the sun, you could move to the shade. For the opening reception, I set slightly ajar the gallery doors leading to the veranda. This allowed a cool breeze to filter through the area. When the viewer passed from an inner hallway into the gallery, the

person experienced not only a change in the quality of light but also a slight and, hopefully, refreshing drop in temperature. In considering print quality, subject matter, sequencing, gallery arrangement, gallery lighting, the engagement of space with sequential imagery, and ambient air temperature, I tried to control as many things as possible to make the installation a sheltering, habitable space.

V

I think that my earlier mention of a desire to relocate childlike sensibilities needs to be expanded to clarify why I felt this need. In opening myself once again to the clear, unadulterated perceptions of a child, I was better able to contact certain primal sensibilities. I was able to come closer to a pre-cognitive sort of awareness. I hoped that this would enable me to present cogent, archetypal images that might bring my viewers to sense the basic nature of a habitable space.

For me, "Natural Shelters--Habitable Landscapes" deals with the essence of architecture--architecture taken beyond the mere act of design and construction of buildings. I refer to our essential experience of home and shelter. We live in many kinds of houses. In different parts of the world, the houses are made different; but there is still an uniformity at the heart of them. This uniformity grows from the essential use of the building--to give shelter--to be a place where one can go to be enclosed, as in the womb. A simple, animal experiencing of safe, adequate ordering of conditions about a creature is the essence of the shelter.

I believe architecture bases itself in the woods, in

caves, in wrapping tendrils. Trees form covering arches. Vines tangle to dense mesh to be penetrated and hidden in. Branches and leaves overlap to form black holes that suck light and remain cool even as the sun burns all around. We build on the land to insure the rightness of our shelters --to assure consistency and availability of their protection to us. But the roots of our shelters lie with these habitable landscapes, with pathways leading to closed places, with monumental forms struck solidly in wood that has pushed and swelled from the earth. Because we have evolved on this planet, our eyes recognize those natural patterns of protection. Without conscious consideration, we re-create these matrices in our own constructions. It is as though a metaphysic extends from the appearance of things making their functional essences--their very natures--seeable. I wanted to show those surfaces in a way that would make their common intrinsic qualities visible.

VI

Closely related to this need to know a primal appreciation of space was my desire to use straight photography versus manipulated imagery. I think that the best avenue into a person's mind is a familiar one. You can present what appears to be a completely normal, real scene and gain the person's confidence that what he or she is viewing is, indeed, quite feasible, quite understandable. Once the mind is relaxed and receptive, some chord of an interior, primal awareness may be plucked and echoes of the past released. The medium becomes transparent and the message more incisive for the lack of distraction by any sort of technique. It is better to arrive without conscious effort. We must think we have never left--that we have always been at the place depicted. For a truly primal place is already well-known to us. We have passed by this place, this tree, this house, this alleyway many times. This is the space between the back of the garage and the neighbor's shrubbery, the space that opened into the backyard where the umbrella of the oak spread. Our mind has patiently held such basic sensations as these. For at their roots, these things are feelings ingrained in our subconscious. They are sensibilities that we, perhaps, did not even need to learn. Though the places,

themselves, have certain singular qualities, our understanding of sheltered space in its primacy is not a thing that we hold in the front of our functional minds. It is a thing, rather, sensed naturally in us, inherently by us. I wanted to move to those basic sensations that were more readily available as a child without the baggage of years.

APPENDIX ONE

BLACK AND WHITE TECHNICAL INFORMATION

All pictures were made with a Crown Graphic 4x5 press camera fitted with a 150mm. Optar lens. I used Plus-X film processed in D-76, 1:1 and a normal development time of around ten minutes at 68°F. Film developing times controlled contrast ranges of the negatives. I often worked on overcast days so that I could have a decent local contrast range and a containable overall contrast. Since I often photographed from sunlight to shady areas or vice versa, this containment was important for me to get an overall silvery quality in the prints while still having good local contrast.

I wanted the viewer to be able to look far into the pictures, for any trees, etc., that were in the background of what I photographed to be readable. This readability demanded that I use a large negative. To see small things on the negative, it was necessary for me to enlarge the prints to at least 11x14. For example, in the "Trees Covering the River" sequence, there are small tree trunks visible far away. This visibility helps to establish the feeling of spatial penetration which I think is important in bringing across the shelter idea.

The 16x20 black and white pictures were made this

size rather than 11x14 to enhance the monumental, earth-mother quality of them. I think the size is important. I connect the idea of a fostering mother closely with an hospitable, sheltering space.

In printing the black and white, I used a two bath developer to achieve an extensive range of middle grey values. The developer is a modification of what is commonly known as Dr. Beer's developer. The first tray the print might go in held a flat developer; the second tray held a contrasty one. Depending on the negative and desired print quality, the picture would stay more or less in each bath and, at times, receive treatment in but one of the developers. For example, the print might receive about a minute and a half in the soft developer until all detail came up fairly well. Then it would be transferred to the second (hard) developer for an additional minute to build up density in the darker areas. I had considered running the prints through a dilute toner to pick up a little selenium and drop the dense areas a bit more, but decided against it; because I was pleased with the overall soft grey appearance of the pictures straight from the developer with no additional treatment.

I used a standard acetic acid stop bath and C-23 fixer for both print and negative processing. C-23 is a non-hardening rapid fix which allowed me to use about a two and a half minute fixing time. In general, I prefer the use of a non-hardening fixer because it's easy to damage a hard-

ened emulsion print when severe curling occurs in low relative humidity conditions.

The paper I printed on was Agfa Portriga Rapid, 111 surface, PRN and PRK. In many of the prints, I flashed the paper to presensitize the emulsion. This helped to bring down highlights (such as you might find in a sunny area) and to open up deep shadows (such as you might find under trees in the same picture). This preflashing also helped give an overall silvery print quality. When I pre-exposed, I gave the paper just enough light to sensitize it more than normal. I would make a test strip of, for example, $\frac{1}{2}$, 1, $1\frac{1}{2}$, 2, $2\frac{1}{2}$, and 3 second intervals. This would be done with the enlarger lens stopped down to f45 and no negative in the carrier. Then I'd select the exposure less than the minimum time required to develop a perceptible density. I would then pre-expose the actual paper for my print with this time to increase paper speed before I exposed the paper to my negative. (Of course, I also had to make a test strip for my negative exposure on flashed paper.)

I have recorded the formula for the black and white paper developer that I used. It follows on page twenty-eight. The C-23 and D-76 formulae are printed in Kodak publications.

The following is the formula for the black and white paper developer that I used:

Tray #1 contained this developer:

Water @ 125°F. (52°C.)	.75 gal.
Calgon (Sodium Hexamenaphosphate)	8 gm.
Sodium Sulfite	4.35 gm.
Elon (or Metol)	30.28 gm.
Sodium Sulfite	82.71 gm.
Sodium Carbonate	75.71 gm.
Anti-Fog #1 (Benzotriazole)	1 gm.
Water to make:	1 gal.

Tray #2 contained this developer:

Water @ 125°F. (52°C.)	.75 gal.
Calgon	8 gm.
Hydroquinone	30.28 gm.
Sodium Sulfite	87.06 gm.
Sodium Carbonate	102.2 gm.
Anti-Fog #1	1 gm.
Water to make:	1 gal.

APPENDIX TWO

COLOR TECHNICAL INFORMATION

In the color work, I used Vericolor II, Type L with an 85B filter, which balances daylight to 3200°K. film. If I had used daylight film (Type S), I would have had cross-curved negatives due to inconsistent emulsion layer densities with the long exposure times I used. Type S film is designed primarily for view camera strobe applications or for small format negative daylight usage. It is not recommended for exposure times in excess of 1/10 second. Normal large format exposure times usually run from one second to over a minute when using available light.

The color work was printed on Ektacolor 74, N surface. Since many of the pictures had been made under contrasty lighting conditions, it was necessary to make contrast reduction masks for many of them. This I did in a standard way using Pan-Masking film. The average mask gave about a 30% contrast reduction.

I decided to make these prints 16x20 because it was important to be able to see small details in the pictures such as reflections in windows, little colored flowers that served as accents, and small interior lights. All these things worked conceptually toward the idea of spacial pene-

tration which I associated closely with entering into a place (as entering into a shelter of some sort). To see a reflection in a window tells the viewer that he or she is in the midst of something. It tells the person that in addition to the things before him or her, there is also something going on behind the person. It's like the feeling you get in a fun house when you stand between two parallel mirrors and perceive a sort of infinite space.

APPENDIX THREE

CATALOGUE OF THE EXHIBITION

Black and White

1.	"Tree Arches"	11x14
2.	"Tree Arches"	11x14
3.	"Tree Arches"	11x14
4.	"Tree Arches"	11x14
5.	"Tree Arches"	11x14
6.	"Tree Arches"	11x14
7.	"Trees Covering the River And Openings to Closed Places"	11x14
8.	"Trees Covering the River And Openings to Closed Places"	11x14
9.	"Trees Covering the River And Openings to Closed Places"	11x14
10.	"Trees Covering the River And Openings to Closed Places"	11x14
11.	"Trees Covering the River And Openings to Closed Places"	11x14
12.	"Trees Covering the River And Openings to Closed Places"	11x14
13.	"Trees Covering the River And Openings to Closed Places"	11x14
14.	"Trees Covering the River And Openings to Closed Places"	11x14
15.	"Pathways"	11x14
16.	"Pathways"	11x14
17.	"Pathways"	11x14
18.	"Pathways"	11x14
19.	"Broken Trees"	11x14
20.	"Broken Trees"	11x14
21.	"Trees Crossing at a Bridge"	11x14
22.	"Trees Crossing at a Bridge"	11x14
23.	"Trees Crossing at a Bridge"	11x14
24.	"Trees Crossing at a Bridge"	11x14
25.	"Tree with Grapevine"	11x14
26.	"Tree with Grapevine"	11x14
27.	"Singular Places"	16x20
28.	"Singular Places"	16x20
29.	"Singular Places"	16x20
30.	"Singular Trees"	16x20

31.	"Singular Trees"	16x20
32.	"Singular Trees"	16x20
33.	"Singular Trees"	16x20
34.	"Singular Trees"	16x20
35.	"Singular Trees"	16x20
36.	"Singular Trees"	16x20
37.	"Bridge Eating Trees"	16x20
38.	"Bridge Eating Trees"	16x20
39.	"Roots"	16x20
40.	"Roots"	16x20
41.	"Maternal Beeches"	16x20
42.	"Maternal Beeches"	16x20

Color

43.	Untitled	16x20
44.	Untitled	16x20
45.	Untitled	16x20
46.	Untitled	16x20
47.	Untitled	16x20
48.	Untitled	16x20
49.	Untitled	16x20
50.	Untitled	16x20
51.	Untitled	16x20
52.	Untitled	16x20
53.	Untitled	16x20
54.	Untitled	16x20
55.	Untitled	16x20
56.	Untitled	16x20
57.	Untitled	16x20
58.	Untitled	16x20
59.	Untitled	16x20
60.	Untitled	16x20
61.	Untitled	16x20
62.	Untitled	16x20
63.	Untitled	16x20
64.	Untitled	16x20
65.	Untitled	16x20
66.	Untitled	16x20
67.	Untitled	16x20
68.	Untitled	16x20
69.	Untitled	16x20
70.	Untitled	16x20

The Installation

- 71. Exhibition announcement
- 72. Installation shot
- 73. Installation shot
- 74. Installation shot
- 75. Installation shot
- 76. Installation shot
- 77. Installation shot
- 78. Installation shot
- 79. Installation shot
- 80. Installation shot
- 81. Installation shot

B
51

31. "Singular Trees" (16x20)

19

C



32. "Singular Trees" (16x20)

22

D



33. "Singular Trees" (16x20)

17

E



34. "Singular Trees" (16x20)

21

F



35. "Singular Trees" (16x20)

12

G



36. "Singular Trees" (16x20)

4

A



37. "Bridge Eating Trees" (16x20)

9

MA

B



38. "Bridge Eating Trees" (16x20)

11

H



39. "Roots" (16x20)

9

B



40. "Roots" (16x20)

34

A



41. "Maternal Beeches" (16x20)

33

B



42. "Maternal Beeches" (16x20)



45. Untitled (16x20)



44. Untitled (16x20)



43. Untitled (16x20)



16. "Pathways" (11x14)



17. "Pathways" (11x14)



18. "Pathways" (11x14)



19. "Broken Trees" (11x14)



20. "Broken Trees" (11x14)



21. "Trees Crossing at A Bridge" (11x14)



22. "Trees Crossing at A Bridge" (11x14)



23. "Trees Crossing at A Bridge" (11x14)



24. "Trees Crossing at A Bridge" (11x14)

4

A



25. "Tree with Grapevine"
(11x14)

2

B



26. "Tree with Grapevine"
(11x14)

29

A



27. "Singular Places"
(16x20)

31

B



28. "Singular Places"
(16x20)

27

C



29. "Singular Places"
(16x20)

24

A



30. "Singular Trees"
(16x20)
Openings to Closed Places"
(11x14)

19

A



1. "Tree Arches" (11x14)

15

B



2. "Tree Arches" (11x14)

17

C



3. "Tree Arches" (11x14)

20

D



4. "Tree Arches" (11x14)

22

E



5. "Tree Arches" (11x14)

22

F



6. "Tree Arches" (11x14)

26

A



7. "Trees Covering the River
& OPENINGS TO CLOSED PLACES"
(11x14)

28

B



8. "Trees Covering the River and
OPENINGS TO CLOSED PLACES"
(11x14)

32

C



9. "Trees Covering the River and
OPENINGS TO CLOSED PLACES"
(11x14)

3

D



10. "Trees Covering the River and
OPENINGS TO CLOSED PLACES"
(11x14)

30

E



11. "Trees Covering the River and
OPENINGS TO CLOSED PLACES"
(11x14)

35

F



12. "Trees Covering the River and
OPENINGS TO CLOSED PLACES"
(11x14)

4

G



13. "Trees Covering the River and
OPENINGS TO CLOSED PLACES"
(11x14)

6

H



14. "Trees Covering the River and
OPENINGS TO CLOSED PLACES"
(11x14)

13

A



15. "Pathways"
(11x14)

16



76. Installation Shot

8



77. Installation Shot

7



78. Installation Shot

28



48. Untitled (16x20)

8



47. Untitled (16x20)

10



46. Untitled (16x20)

23



79. Installation Shot

21



80. Installation Shot

3



81. Installation Shot

26



49. Untitled (16x20)

24



50. Untitled (16x20)

22



51. Untitled (16x20)

20



52. Untitled (16x20)

17



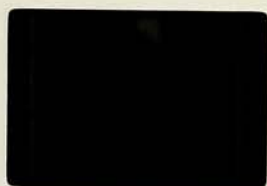
53. Untitled (16x20)

6



54. Untitled (16x20)

30



67. Untitled (16x20)

32



68. Untitled (16x20)

34



69. Untitled (16x20)

4



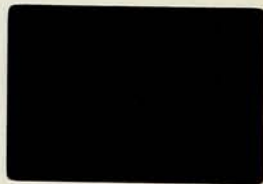
70. Untitled (16x20)

34



71. Exhibition Announcement (8x10)

37



72. Installation shot

11



73. Installation shot

14



74. Installation shot

18



75. Installation shot

APPENDIX FOUR

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Joseph Vitone, May 24, 1983

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